

Strange Alchemy

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*I couldn't resist posting this one, I typed it during the days I spent being bored at night...
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*Perhaps i should have slept instead?
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Oh well; the story is EdXWin so it don't matter. ^-^

1. Homebound

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"Colonel... I need a house."

Roy refused to look up from his papers. Not that they were very interesting, in fact they were extremely boring.

It just seemed like any normal moment whenever Fullmetal entered his office. He'd stare down at his papers while the Whiny Prodigy ranted about something or other before demanding info for anything stone related in his missions.

Only... This was something unexpected. One worthy of immediate response.

"You need a house." Roy repeated, trying to see if he'd heard right. "And why is that?"

Edward stared intensely at the floor, as if trying to burn a hole in the poor berber carpet with his eyes. There was a slight twitch in his jaw before he spoke almost forcefully. "I just need a transfer from my dorms to an enlisted home, that's all I'm asking for."

Roy promptly abandoned his papers, looking up at Edward with reserved curiosity. "I'd prefer a few details before I decide about any sort of transfer, so what's the occasion?"

Edward looked up. "Occasion?"

"You're aware that the enlisted homes are for soldiers who have either a family of three or more, and are married or soon to be, correct?"

Edward gulped audibly (Oh? curious...) and nodded.

"So..." Roy pressed on "Why do you need a home?"

Edward breathed out deeply before looking Roy in the eye, determined to speak what was on his mind whether he or his reddened face liked it or not.

"See, Colonel. My family... Well; it got bigger."

Keiyou presents-

*@~@*Strange Alchemy*@~@*

Ch.1, Homebound.

Edward Elric. The military prodigy and resound 'Hero to the Common Man' had recently gotten himself into quite the pickle.

Or to put it more correctly; quite the engagement!

There had been a terrible accident. Pinako had been outside merely setting the Rockbell Automail insignia up on a signpost when it happened. She'd fallen from the ladder and broken her hip. It had been such a serious injury that the doctors in Risembool immediately had her transferred by train to Central for medical care.

Winry, being the devoted granddaughter to her caretaker and mentor, followed after; not even taking in the fact that she would have no place to go in Central, and that even staying with Edward and Alphonse would be out of the question since the dorm rules only allow two per room and no one of the opposite gender.

It left Edward with only one ultimatum... if only by influence.

Everyone already knew damn well they weren't related since she'd been in Central so many times, so he couldn't pass her off as a sister or cousin.

So... she had to be...

He'd have to...

Roy Mustang had to blink a few more times, and horribly refrain himself from laughing out loud and earning questions about his mental wellbeing from anyone who heard him. Except trying to register what Edward just said seemed nearly impossible, so much that it almost deserved laughter.

And clearly it didn't seem possible for him either; only the tell tale sign of blush coating itself over his face begged to differ otherwise.

"So, so let me get this straight," Roy said regaining his composure "You got engaged."

Again the blush flashed and the floor took another burning beating from fiery golden irises.

"To miss Rockbell, no less..." Roy rested a forefinger and thumb against his own chin, as if he were on a stage giving some sort of critically acclaimed approval. "I have to say, it's about time you got your act together, Fullmetal. You certainly know how to pick'em."

Edward shot a venomous look at Roy. "I didn't come here to get critiqued by you, All I need is your permission to register for a house."

Roy gestured with a wave of his hand for Edward to calm down. "No need to get twisted up, I wasn't saying anything bad about your Fiancée." Roy simpered as the last word that rolled off his tongue made Edward twitch slash blush. Roy decided he'd had enough of outwardly poking fun at the Fullmetal Newlywed, turning and opening one of his desk drawers to brandish the said papers Edward requested from him. "Just give me the name of the

manager to your dorm building and leave the rest to me, alright?"

Edward nodded, digging his hands in his pockets as if he'd written the name down beforehand.

Roy felt completely in his element. While he may have looked cool and collected on the outside, inside there dwelt a devilish version of himself with a twisted mustache, sitting on a black throne and laughing giddily, basking in the forebodingness of it all.

'Oh... things would definitely be getting interesting for awhile.'

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'It's not as if we were really married'

'It's not as if we were really married'

'It's not as if we were really married'

'It's not as if we were really married!'

Edward let those words wash throughout his mind as he walked toward the front doors of Central military's housing offices, his left hand tightly clutched around the necessary papers Roy had signed and given him to show to the housing commission ('leave the rest to me' he says? yeah RIGHT!).

The blond soon-to-be-eighteen-year-olds usually fair weathered features were clearly riled up and noticeable to any passerby, even the coat he wore felt unbearable to wear despite the early fall breeze that flew by.

'E-even she agreed!' He continued to argue with himself as he pulled the door open and entered the building.

'Whole damn thing's her fault anyway!'

Previously-

"Winry, how did this happen?" Alphonse said in a quiet voice that would make one think he could be on the verge of crying (unless any of those 'ones' knew perfectly well he couldn't)

Edward and Alphonse stood next to Winry Rockbell, their machine loving childhood friend. Like Edward she was his age and had blond hair. Only difference was it was lighter and she usually held it back in a ponytail. Although now she let her hair hang listlessly while her bangs curtained over her tired blue eyes that spent most of the train ride to Central in tears.

"Sh-she was trying to put up the shop sign on a post we got for the front of the house." Winry said sullenly, looking strait at the wall in front of where she sat. "At first everything was fine, but Den started barking and, I looked out the window, and she was on the ground-" Winry paused, clearly it hurt her to think about what had happened.

Edward looked away from Winry to the door that the paramedics had gone through with Pinako

on a stretcher only a few minutes ago. A mark of sadness washed over his face, silently he hoped the old woman would be alright.

As if to confirm this thought, his brother Alphonse spoke up for Edward's inner optimistic hope, kneeling at Winry's side to pat her softly on the back "It's alright, Winry. She looked fine when the doctors brought her in, I'm sure she'll be okay."

Edward couldn't take not having an encouraging banter of his own to pile in, so he spoke up. "Of course she'll be fine, the woman's as stubborn as grease on a frying pan. She'll pull through."

Winry blinked at Edward's strange analogy before nodding. "I-I suppose you guys are right..."

A few hours later the small party received word that she would be fine, only the fracture would render her immobile for a few months or worst case scenario, a year. So after visiting with Pinako for awhile they made way to the Central Military base. At first neither of them spoke much, so it was pretty quiet the whole walk there.

Until Edward spoke up, that is.

"So, Winry," He said turning his head to look back at her. "When are you going back to Risembool?"

Winry looked up at Edward with a look of borderline mortification. "What? You think I'd leave Grandma here in Central all alone?! Get real, Edward!" Alphonse shirked away from Winry slightly. Edward rubbed the back of his head where she had smacked him with a wrench. "Geeze, sorry! I was just curious." Alphonse decided to intervene and pressed the issue on. "Winry, if your not leaving Central, where are you going to stay?"

Winry looked at the ground they walked on, as if thinking about his question carefully. "Well, I guess Miss Gracia might let me stay with her." She answered.

"That's a good idea." Alphonse said relieved. "Perhaps you could call her later to ask..."

Edward drifted away from listening to Alphonse and Winry speak. He too was concerned about how Winry planned on setting a temporary root in Central (or he was till she smacked him that is). Now that she had a plan he let his concern slide as he digressed to thoughts about some forthcoming mission he was told to report to Mustangs office for.

Sometime later Edward sped from Roy's office with assignment in hand, narrowly dodging a stray bullet from a ramped Hawkeye who had been vying for the Colonel's immediate departure from the planet when she had discovered that instead of signing the documents like he'd been instructed he had decided to doodle images of a cartoonish looking Riza in one of his miniskirts.

Edward still worked to calm himself down after avoiding being used by Roy as a shield when he made it to the lobby where Winry and his brother waited. He noticed a stiff complexion on Winry's face that almost matched Alphonse's own emotionless (yet strangely often emotional)

face.

"Umm, bad news, brother..." Alphonse started off. Winry spoke up after Edward asked what was wrong. "Miss Gracia's moving from her house."

Edward gawked before forcing himself to regain his composure, wanting all the while to smack himself in the head. He completely forgot that he'd spoken to Gracia awhile ago, she specifically said she was having movers come in to get things from the house. Edward fixed a scolding look at Alphonse, since he too had been present when he was told this.

Although now wasn't the time to point out one's memory flaws, the more pressing issue was where Winry was going to stay.

"H- Have you spoken to Sheiszka yet?" Edward asked, making a quick suggestion.

Winry blanched and slowly turned her face toward Edward, making him think she would suddenly projectile vomit on him or something *cue Exorcist theme here XD*

Edward's thoughts were suddenly granted a reprieve on just why Winry looked ready to die as a mental image of towering pagodas ranging from 'Treasure Island' to 'How To Manage Your Budget' in hard cover leaflets conquered his vision as they fell straight for him.

Edward shuddered as he shook the thought away. Alright, so Sheiszka's place was out of the question.

So, then where else could she possibly stay? She was too damn stubborn to just high-tail it home or else Edward would have made her go home (if not because he also wanted to avoid any unnecessary metal on head contact)

"Why- why don't I stay with you guys?"

Both Edward and Alphonse made small noises like she'd said something strange. "Winry, you cant" Edward said and explained his reason before she could protest.

Winry looked as if she had no choice but to go home, her face set in a sad prose. Then she said, "What about a house?"

Edward blinked. A house?

"Like the one Miss Gracia is moving from" Winry continued on. "You could get that Colonel guy to let you guys move into a house instead of living in a dorm so that way we can live together until Grandma heals."

Edward felt as if Winry had abandoned her wrench and smacked him upside the head with a brick wall instead. A house?! No, it was totally out of the question! AB-SO-LUTE-LY NOT!!!

"Um, Winry..." Alphonse said, "That's not possible either."

"Damn strait it's not!" Edward snapped, earning both heads to turn in his direction quickly "First

off more than two people have to live together in an enlisted house, not to mention they have to be family-

"But," Winry said interrupting Edward's protest. "I'm already practically your family."

"You know what I mean!" Edward continued. "You'd also have to be part of the military family, like family that work for the military too."

Again Winry interrupted "Miss Gracia wasn't part of the military."

"That's because Hughes was MARRIED to her, the only exception would be if someone part of the military were married to someone who wasn't! Not to mention-" Edward ranted on, all the while missing the mischievous grin that broke across Winry's face.

"... Well, I think you already solved your problem, Ed."

Edward's mouth flew shut and he blinked at Winry. "Solved my- What?!"

"What are you talking about, Winry?" Alphonse asked, like Edward, he felt totally clueless to the obvious plot Winry had molded just now.

Winry looked Edward dead in the eye, making him twitch slightly before she spoke. "You're in the military, Right Ed?"

Okay, what rock came out of nowhere and knocked her in the head? what kind of dumb question was that? "Winry...you KNOW I'm in the military." Edward said through clenched teeth.

"And I'm not?" She said pointing at herself with her thumb as if she were some sort of hotshot.

Albeit a very invalid hotshot.

Edward ignored the urge to scream and made himself calmly ask "Winry... What the hell are you getting at here?"

"Oh!"

Edward looked at his brother, whom at the moment looked as if he'd just discovered a brilliant glowing light bulb that radiated from his cranium, he looked way too damn gleeful for a so called emotionless suit of armor. It was almost downright scary. And since when does Alphonse catch onto something before he does?

"I may go places with you, Brother. But I'm not part of the military either!" He declared clapping his hands.

What. The. Living. Hell...

When did Winry and Alphonse suddenly decide to team up against him? Edward watched as if he were some helpless elementary kid about to be bullied out of his lunch money by two tag teaming high school yankees. There was nothing fair about this at ALL!

"Will you stop being cryptic and tell me what's so fucking special about the two of you not being in the mil-"

Again; another wall. Only this time it was a steel one. Being shot from a cannon. Knocking into him so fast he couldn't breath, think, nor summon the ability to jam up the staccato that hammered behind his lungs.

"...No."

Alphonse and Winry stopped whatever victory party they were in and looked dejectedly at Edward, who had screwed his face into what he hoped was a convincing pissed off expression and not a 'shoot-I'm-embarrassed-and-don't-know-what-to-think' one.

"Why not, brother?" Alphonse said (or rather whined) "It's perfect, and I don't see anything wrong with it."

Of course Alphonse didn't see anything wrong with it...

It's not like HE was being asked to pretend that he was getting married!

"I'm not doing it!" Edward stated matter of factly, staring down the bullies with as much gusto (or rather ego if he had been thinking clearly) as he could muster.

"Well, I don't see any other way, Edward." Winry interjected, earning a heated look from said person. "Unless you want me to stay in one of the motels here in Central until Grandma heals."

frack NO! The last thing Edward wanted for Winry to do was stay on one of the hundreds of potential danger places. Central was no place to live unless you were some super hero or if you had two or more friends to watch your back. Try to do anything here on your own you were lucky if no trouble happened upon you. (Yikes, I made Central sound like Detroit *.*)

Unfortunately trouble seemed to happen whether one intends for there to be or not.

And if the damn news papers about missing people on and off weren't proof enough...

Edward clenched a fist at his side. There was still no way in hell he was going to pretend an engagement. Especially to-

"Please, Ed." Winry asked, still bent on making this matter play through till the end. "It's not as if were really married, and besides; later we could tell them it didn't work out after Grandma gets out of the hospital."

Edward opened his mouth to protest, only words decided to abandon him.

"I promise I'll be out of your hair after this is over, and I'll throw in a smaller budget when you come to Risembool to get repaired."

Edward's jaw closed tightly. The Rockbell's did tend to be over pricy...

He looked at his little brother (or up at him to his annoyance), who was all nods.

Forcefully he looked at Winry, who waited patiently for the answer she wanted to hear.

sunava dog.

At Present-

Edward left the building after waiting hours to receive the information about which house he would be residing in, located just outside of the busiest part of Central, and what street it was on.

That was it, for the most part anyway.

The only thing Edward had to wonder (and worry) about now was what he was going to do now that he was in this mess. Was it really worth it to cave into Winry's offer of a cut budget while the equivalent to it was that he'd be subjected to make others believe the Fullmetal Alchemist decided to settle down?

Edward sighed deeply, wondering just how things would really bode from all this, while groaning at the written street name which coincidentally read 'Advent Street.'

TBC.

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2. Settling In

Ch. 2, Settling in

"Don't take that away!"

Edward's spastic yell almost sent Winry falling forward while holding in her arms a bundle of tied papers that looked dangerously close to spilling out. "What's your problem? There in the way here."

Edward crossed his arms and threw himself back onto the chair he had been previously occupying before Winry came in the kitchen and picked up his so-called 'mess'.
"I liked them where they were."

"I have to agree with Winry, Brother." Alphonse said coming into the kitchen to set down a twin chair that came with the table and the chair Edward sat on. "Our research papers would just be in the way here, besides theres plenty of room elsewhere." "And a kitchen table is no place to have papers scattered anyway, it's for eating on." Winry added.

Edward didn't like that. He was use to using the small kitchen table from his dorm as his desk while he ate so he could both think and feed himself at the same time. Why was it so hard for them to understand his only want?

"I'm putting these in the living room." Winry declared, and acted on her claim by stepping deftly through the arch that led to the said room. Edward huffed loudly.

"Married couples have to comprimise, Edward!" Winry called from the living room, all the while laughing while Edward sputtered about how it was only pretend. And damnit Alphonse didn't have to laugh with her like that, it wasn't helping.

Edward decided he would get his own kitchen table for the living room and eat there, just to spite the laughing twosome. Of course the room already seemed to have reached it's quantity limit so that was shot out of the sky.

Alphonse and Winry had been spending the last week furnishing the two story home while he'd been off doing his given mission before this whole, engagement scheme thing started. He'd been made to play as messenger boy between some other state alchemist and a spy who was seated in an outside trading post between Central and Briggs, the northern most part of the country.

Like he cared though, it wasn't his problem what went on between two bickering nations while he had two problems of his own to take care of. One of which who knew perfectly well not to irk him unnecessarily while the other-

Well, the other one was just plain jerk.

Edward opened his mouth to make this claim when the doorbell rang noisely.

"I got it," Winry said, the sound of something dropping to the floor made Edward both develop thoughts of a soon to be Winrycide and getting up out of his seat to run to the living room, unheeding to Alphonse's complaint when Edward nearly bowled him over.

"You dropped my papers?!" Edward snapped, gathering the scatter in a huff, fixing Winry with malice, until he realized his malice was fixed on her back and turned away muttering about no respect while she opened the door.

"Oh, Major Armstrong?" Winry managed to say before she was embraced in a bone crushing hug.

"Oh what a joy to be hold, I'm so happy for you, Dear young Winry Rockbell!" Cried the mellifluous voice of Alex Louise Armsrong, neglecting to realize the poor girl in his embrace was on the verge of passing out from lack of oxygen.

"Oh, my apologiese," He said releasing her. "I mean young Miss. Elric."

Edward let the papers he'd been babying fall to the floor, his face dumbstruck and vegetable red.

Unlike Edward though, Winry slowly took the Major's words in stride, including stepping back and taking the still gawked Edward into her embrace. "Thank you very much, Sir."

If Edward still had the will to think properly his mind would have instantly initiated shut down and he would have passed out.

"Is something the matter?" Armstrong asked, his blue eyes registering Edward's strange behavior.

"Oh, he's just being sullen." Winry said directing her 'hubby' to the sofa, where he obediently sat down. "He's just mad because I won't let him leave his mess on the kitchen table."

Armstrong crossed his arms and nodded in understanding. "Yes, I see. A lovers quarrel." Edward twitched. Armstrong turned to Edward, holding a finger in the air. "Marrige requires compromise, Edward Elric." "That's exactly what I said." Winry laughed, gathering the papers and setting them on a small coffee table to the side of the sofa. Then she deliberately sat right next to Edward, taking his limp left hand in hers. "So, what brings you here, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Would you like some tea, Major?" Alphonse called from the kitchen, his iron clad head poking between the arch.

"No thank you, Alphonse Elric." Armstrong replied, "I will only be here shortly. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small black box. "I've come to bring you both a gift." He approached Edward with the box, handing it to him. Edward took the box, only to set it on the side table. With an annoyed sigh Winry got up and retrieved the box. Opening it she ghasped. Inside was a small gold necklace with a heart shaped pendant. "I- it's beautiful." She could only say.

"It's a precious heirloom that's been passed down the Armstrong family for generations." He said proudly. "And it would make me tickled if you would pass it down yours for generations as well."

Winry only nodded, too choked up to give a proper reply. So did Edward, if only for a totally different reason.

"Well, I must be on my way." He said turning for the door. Before he walked out he turned his head back to the girl and mute boy. "May you and Winry have many fine children, Edward Elric." he said before going out the door.

This time, Edward really DID choke.

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"Edward, you can't freeze up like that next time!" Winry scolded him at the kitchen table some time after Major Armstrong left. "Everyone'll get suspicious if you keep making it seem like your going to die whenever someone mentions the marriage."

Edward had his head in his right hand, while holding onto a cup of water gingerly with the other. "I got startled, alright." He said defending himself. "We can't all be brilliant actors, Winry."

Alphonse shook his head. Knowing just how well Edward managed to worm his way around others whenever they went on a field mission or their own personal run. He could be quite the ham, actually. Only for whatever reason Edward was taking the whole pretend marriage thing too seriously.

So either Edward was slipping on his acting skills or pretending to be marrying Winry made him uncomfortable.

Which would mean-

"Listen I won't get tongue tied next time, alright." Edward said taking a swig of his drink. "Just give me awhile to get use to pretending to be married, I never did this before."

Or maybe Alphonse was reading too much into this.

"It'll be over after Grandma heals, so you shouldn't worry." Winry said picking up Edward's empty glass and depositing it in the sink. "To tell you the truth I was nervous too."

Edward looked up sharply.

"I was worried for a minute that he would see right through us." She giggled a bit, before staring down at the floor. "I wish he hadn't given us that amulet, I feel so guilty now."

A pregnant silence engulfed the kitchen. Alphonse decided to break the stoic atmosphere. "So, should we keep unpacking? There's still the rooms upstairs we need to furnish."

So the three spent the rest of the day upstairs unpacking, in which a fight for a room with a view took place between two warring blonds.

'Yep, I guess I WAS reading into it too much.' Alphonse thought, sighing as a metal object collided into a thick Fullmetal skull.

Now if only he could find a way to keep them from killing eachother before Granny Pinako healed.

TBC.

3. Shopping Spree

Ch.3, Shopping Spree.

Six days of house life later found Edward prying through a fridge with the gusto of a hobo on the street.

"It's empty!" Edward bellowed loudly, pushing the fridge door closed with an octave 'SLAM'!

"Are you trying to break the thing?" Alphonse said to him from the kitchen table, a newspaper in hand.

"How?" Ed whined, going to the table and collapsing to a chair, his head flat against the oak wood in defeat. "I don't even have the energy to break a sweat..."

As if to prove this, his stomach spoke up in his favor.

"That's only because we haven't gone grocery shopping yet" Alphonse reminded him. "I hate grocery shopping, that's Winry's job!" Edward argued. Alphonse tossed the paper to the table. "Well you don't have much of a choice, she hasn't come back from Risembool with Den yet."

"Why don't you go grocery shopping?" Edward snapped, a glare fixed at his young tall brother.

"Even if I did Ed you'd still have to go with me, you know I could never tell right from rancid if I went on my own."

This was an excuse of course, Alphonse could easily ask a person working behind a grocery booth what anything he picked up smelled like, except He figured since his brother could use some brushing up on his housing skills he might as well let his older brother learn a lesson or two.

That and Edward was being a royal dink anyway, why shouldn't he suffer for it?

Edward, desperate for an escape from having to cave in to such a hated chore, hastily reminded Alphonse how Winry was suppose to show up today. "I don't need to go anywhere with you, she'll show up soon, then I can give her the damn grocery list I wrote while she was gone."

Alphonse sighed, said list was about from the kitchen table to the front door, a good twenty feet in length. No doubt any display of such verocity would result in wrench welts. Except Edward wasn't really heeding this scenario, quite possibly because close starvation was effecting his brain in some warped way.

"Apples, cookies, shepard pie..."

His reverie was interrupted by ringing from the living room.

With a huff Edward dropped his behemoth list and raced to the living room for the phone. "Hello?"

"Hey, Ed!"

"Where the hell are you?!" Edward yelled over the phone. "You were suppose to be back hours ago!"

"Nice greeting... glad to know you've missed your future wife so much."

"Quit playing around, Winry! There's no food here!" He shouted.

Winry sighed audibly. "Didn't you go grocery shopping for the stuff on the list I left you guys?"

Edward looked ready to dead-pan on the spot. What list?

He voiced his question to Winry, who sounded mortified on the other line. "The one I left on the kitchen table before I went to go get Den, geeze; weren't you listening to me when I said I put it there?!"

Edward thought back two days ago, vaguely remembering a hearty spill of grape juice on the counter, in which he hastily tried to clean the mess with the nearest paper towel. Unfortunately one wasn't to be seen so he transmuted a piece of paper which was conveniently right there on the table into a cloth napkin to use.

"Umm, no?"

"Well, there was." She said exasperated. "Listen, you're going to have to do it yourselves."

Did she just say something taboo here?! That like fell on the lines of performing human transmutation or something?!

Go grocery shopping?!

"Winry you can't do this!!!" Edward yelled before Winry could explain her situation. "That's YOUR job!"

"Sorry I don't know what to tell you," Winry said with a tone of indifference. "The train I was on broke down, so now I have to wait for a buggy to come pick me and Den up. I should be back tomorrow evening, so don't worry about it."

Don't worry? Ed could have cared less about that; his deteriorating stomach was more important damnit! "Please tell me this is a joke!" He begged rather immaturely.

"I gotta go, buggy's here. See you tomorrow!" She hung up on the other end.

Ed stared at the echoing ring tone phone for a few minutes before dropping it, trying to figure out whether or not he'd finally died and went to hell. A quick self pinch to his left forearm followed by pain proved otherwise.

Damnit...

-.-.-.-

"I could put you in the cart..."

Edward glowered, teeth bared as if he considered biting if Alphonse went anywhere near him. "don't even think about it!"

"Then quit scuffling, you wouldn't even move when there were people behind us in the road." Alphonse sighed. Edward was making it painstakingly obvious he didn't want to be at the road side market, face directed to the ground and mumbling incoherently as they walked.

"Not to mention you walked into about five people while we've been here, you could at least look up."

Not a chance!

Edward grunted, persistently burning a hole in the trodden soil like he found the theory to 'All You Need to know About Human Alchemy from A to Z' in the brown microscopic pebbles. Stopping the cart, Alphonse turned on his older brother, breathing in non-existing air to scold him.

And from nowhere a cart flew from beside him and slammed into the Bullheaded Alchemist.

"Yo, Chief! How's it going?" Jean Havoc said waving to Edward as if the poor boy weren't clutching his stomach in pain. Havoc turned to Alphonse. "Hey there, Big Guy."

"Hello, Lieutenant Havoc." Alphonse said, the scold in him dying as he worryingly watched his older brother mutter threats of death as he glared at the lanky man in front of him.

"What the hell do you want?" Edward snapped.

"There's alot of rumors going around," Havoc said as he pulled the cart back to keep Edward from turning it over on him. "Frankly all of what I heard around HQ is a bit scattered so I figured I'd get my info from the horses mouth."

The man leaned forward to look Edward in the eye with seriousness echoing in his features.

"Is that mechanic girl really going to have twins?"

Edward fell to the ground almost as fast as Alphonse gasped. Just what the hell kind of rumors have been flying around Headquarters?!

Havoc shook a hand. "I didn't believe it either; some where saying that was the reason you two were getting hitched, earlier it was just because you got her pregnant last time you left for the countryside and suddenly twins got brought up. Then later it was..." Edward's face had been growing pale with each word Havoc had been saying, where the hell was this coming from?!

"But seriously..." Havoc cut off his rant, whispering closely. "You don't come off as the type of guy to just jump and marry a girl over an accident from a one night stand."

Edward's demand to harvest information from Havoc about who it was that started such a ridiculous rumor bottomed out. Remembering to try keeping a straight face in the mention of his engagement he got up from the ground and breathed out deeply before saying...with inner demand.

"No; That's not true. W-we haven't even gotten into talking about... about kids yet."

If walls could talk, they'd be whispering about the strange young man who almost nearly rivaled the color of his own coat for decades.

Havoc chuckled and pulled out a tiny box from the vest of his coat pocket. "Level headed, I like that. But..." Havoc walked around his cart and tossed the object in front of Edward, forcing the young alchemist to catch it in the air.

"Keep that in handy if you ever change your mind." he whispered with a wink. that said, Havoc went back to his cart and left with a quick salute.

Alphonse waved goodbye to the second lieutenant before observing the thing that Edward held in his hands. "What did he give you?" He asked as Edward removed whatever it was that lie inside the tiny box.

Edward barely pulled the object out and made a small noise of shock before quickly stuffing it back in the box and dropping it to the ground. "Brother?" Alphonse questioned as Edward continued on, suddenly taking a turn with his dislike for grocery shopping and turning it into a complete fascination.

Alphonse picked up the object while his older brother wasn't looking and stuck it inside his pouch he usually kept chalk hidden in. Just because it was something from Havoc was no reason to toss it away like trash, it was a gift. Like the one the Major had given him... only smaller. There had to be a good reson Havoc gave this to his brother.

What that was Alphonse figured he'd wait till Edward cooled down enough to tell him. How bad could it be?

TBC.